WOMEN WAR WORKERS OF ENGLAND HAVE TAKEN UP BURDEN OF PEACE TIME DRUDGERY PATIENTLY, SAYS MRS. HARRIMAN

DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT RESULT OF CONFLICT SEEN ON ALL SIDES

Uniforms of Stirring Times Folded Away for Children and Grandchildren to Wonder Over in Years to Come—Owners Now Busy Trying to Earn Enough for a Living—Organization for the War Period Has Left Imprint on the Land Which Gives Great Hope for the Future.

IN a remarkable series of articles Mrs. Borden Harriman, Red Cross executive and woman leader, discusses the condition of the war workers of Europe. Being the only woman member of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission, she is well equipped to discuss matters affecting the status of her sex across the Atlantic. This is the second article of the series.

By MRS. BORDEN HARRIMAN.

"THE MAD HATTER"—This sign board swinging in front of a modest house on X street, Exeter, arrested our attention and also our progress.

"Let's go in," we exclaimed in unison.

So, anxious to discover what original individual presided there, we passed through the rose embowered doorway to inspect the "Hats and Jumpers for all sorts of occasions." A youngish woman with a slight athletic figure clothed in some of her own wares advanced to interrogate us as to our wants.

I rubbed my eyes twice in an effort to recall the setting in which I had seen this girl before. Somehow she brought a sense of deafening noise, a feeling of overwhelming admiration to my mind.

Then suddenly I knew—"Why Miss D——, what on earth are you doing here?" I asked.

"It is my shop. Don't you like it?" she replied.

Then she told me quite simply that when the war was over she tried vainly to realize her dream of a factory run by women, but she couldn't make anyone see it, and finally gave up in despair. "But," she continued, "I couldn't go home to just golf and tennis again, so I tried this, a shop where the country people may buy at reasonable rates. And it is a success."

This is her story:

At the openign of hostilities in 1914 a blond-haired, well-born Scotch girl in the twenties came to London and engaged as a munition worker. Her education and training enabled her to forge ahead and before many months had passed she became an assistant supervisor.

WOMAN WAS CONFRONTED BY A DIFFICULT TASK.

When the ministry of munitions was in search of a woman welfare worker to take charge of 1,500 women in a high explosive factory her chief recommended her for the position. It was a difficult task at first as the owner of the works—a very fine man notwithstanding—was a woman hater and deeply prejudiced against putting women in responsible places.

The first months were most discouraging as, although the girl won the devotion and respect of the women hands, the men were rough and surly to her—the night superintendent, especially, being impossible to placate and induce to be cooperative.

On Christmas Eve, the year that there was a dire need for high explosives at the front, the owner and manager was dangerously ill in a hospital. The men came to the girl superintendent and said: "We are going to stop work tonight, bring in beer and enjoy ourselves. We want the women to join us."

"No," said the girl, "not if I know it. My women are going to stick to their jobs and work through their shift as usual."

All that cold night and into the gray dawn, while the men became more and more drunk and noisy, jeering at the women for their loyalty to their employer, the girl walked back and forth through the middle of the long factory. She would stop every little while to say a word of encouragement to individual girls and she would counter any attempts on the part of the men to get to the women's side of the building.

The result was that in the morning the output of the women not only equaled but exceeded the normal amount.

NIGHT SUPERINTENDENT WON OVER TO WOMEN.

The girl's arch enemy, the night superintendent, was so overcome by the dramatic spectacle of that young heroic figure trudging the length of that barracks hour after hour that he decided to make every reparation in his power. At the earliest opportunity he went to the hospital and recounted in detail to his boss the girl's achievements. So she was summoned and told that by her courage and diligence she had saved her employer thousands of pounds and made it possible for him to keep his contract with the government.

As a reward, in future she should have entire control of the women workers and should sit on the board of directors.

The factory owner then had a cottage on the grounds renovated and put at the disposal of the girl, and when I first met her, in 1917, she was living in that little thatched house on the bank of a tiny river with a Y. M. C. A. woman worker as companion.

Of course, if it had been in a novel the girl would have married her employer, who was a widower, and "lived happily ever after." But, alas, he passed on, poor man, just after the armistice, from overwork—and the girl now runs a hat shop.

VOLUNTARY AID CORPS STILL ACTIVELY ENGAGED.

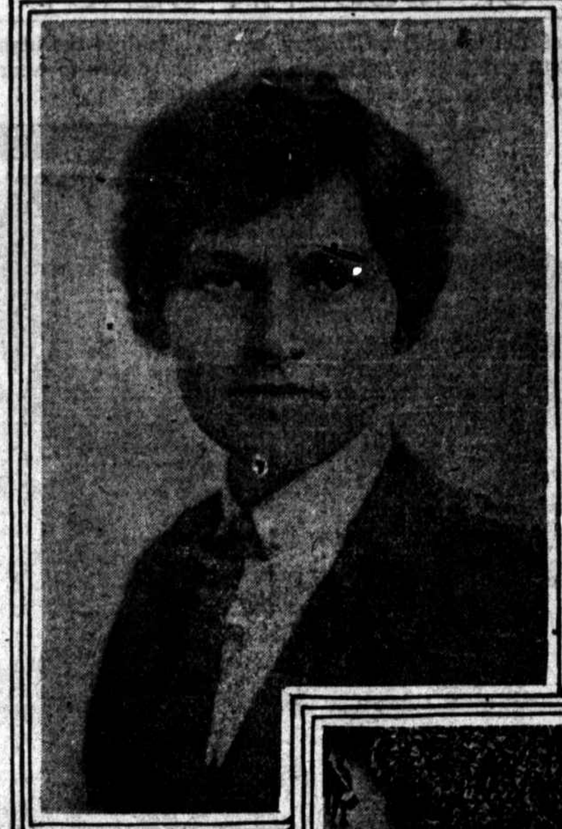
I have heard people ask numerous times in the United States not only what has become of the women munition workers, but what has become of all the V. A. D.'s, the W. A. A. Cc., etc.? So we have had the curiosity to ask questions about them and, far from having passed out of existence, we find them still holding a very real place in the community.

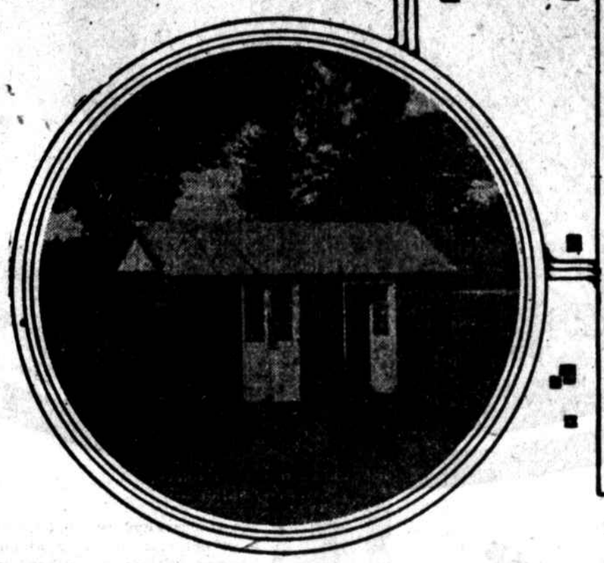
I think that any one who saw the Victory parade in London in July, 1919, remembers with admiration the splendid showing made by these several war organizations.

The V. A. D's., which being translated means Voluntary Aid Detachment to the territorial army, was formed in 1909, and its scope much broadened to meet the war emergency of 1914. Its personnel was drawn from all classes—nobility, gentry, shop girls, teachers and servants, who were all treated as equals once they wore the uniform, and were nurses' aids.

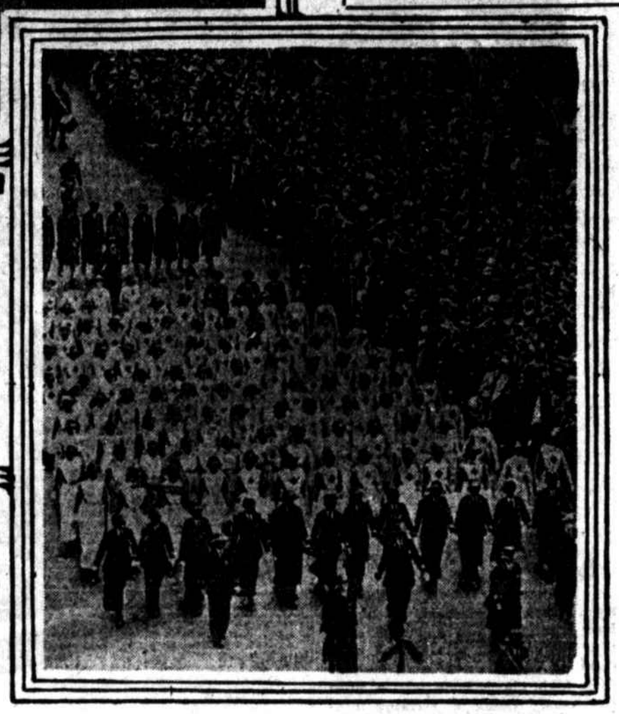
Lady Ampthill, considered by many as the foremost woman interested in women's work in England, has been the V. A. D.'s executive head and fairy godmother since it sinception.

One of the W. A. A. C.'s who is farming.





Cook shack of the W. A. A. C.'s Recreation Camp.



Detachment of the V. A. D.'s marching in Victory Parade in London. Arrow indicates Lady Ampthill, commanding the V. A. D.'s.

About 10 per cent of the detachment are still active; the rest are all on the reserve list ready to be called on at any time that they are needed.

The detachment is actually the line behind the army. Among the reserves a great many trained as nurses, many went to live in the dominions, large numbers married and some returned to a life of leisure.

Numerous V. A. Ds. took advantage of the government's offer to give free passage and a grant of land in the dominions to any one with six months' war service.

Another splendid organization, the W. A. A. C.'s (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps) can give just as good an account of themselves. There were 56,000 of them in the wartime organization, and about one-tenth of that number belong to the peace-time organization, which calls itself the "Old Comrades Association."

Their commander-in-chief through the war was Dame Florence Leach—who is now the head of the "Old Comrades." "Dame" is the title which was bestowed during the war upon women who had performed distinguished service. It is used, like "Sir," with the first name only, and is not inherited by the descendants of the recipient.

W. A. A. C's may be found in every kind of job in every quarter of the globe today. I know one who was an administrator in recruiting, and who has just returned from a tour of the West Indies as secretary to a Commission. Three are in Berlin with the Inter-Allied Commission. A W. A. A. C. is private secretary to Lady Rawlings out in India.

Two "gardeners," as they called the girls who dug the graves in France, have a tomato farm on the island of Guernsey, and are doing a flourishing business. The proprietors, who do much of the work themselves, and superintend all of it, sent some of their produce to Queen Mary a few weeks ago. This so enlisted her interest that she paid the farm and the two W. A. A. C.'s a visit when she was in Guernsey the other day. This, of course, is a milestone that will loom large in the annals of their labors.

Both these farmers' fiances were killed early in the war, like the sweethearts and husbands of so many others.

There is much nonsense talked about women's work preventing marriage. We find here that in every organization there have been the normal number of marriages, taking into consideration the scarcity of men. The losses of the war are apparent, however, in many ways. The fact that so many of the younger generation of men are gone has thrown many girls into active work and training toward their own support who otherwise would contemplate marriage and a home as their natural destiny.

They are apparent, too, in some of the minor customs of social life, as in the fact that invitations to balls are issued nowadays to the girls with the understanding that they are to bring one or more men with them—thus releasing the hostess from the difficult task of providing parties for her guests. Many hostesses complain of this as bringing to their houses a lot of men whom they have never seen and of whom they know nothing. But girls must have partners if a ball is to be a success, and this seems to be the only way to provide them.

BRITISH WOMEN GAVE HELP TO OUR BOYS.

Over a door in one of the offices where the W. A. A. C.'s worked with the American army at Bourges was the sign "Steady" in large bold letters. It was their watchword. It made such an impression on the American men that I remember seeing essays written about it in A. E. F. publications.

Dame Florence likes to tell of the exceptional treatment accorded the W. A. A. C.'s by our boys. She says there was not one casualty or case of misconduct either at Bourges, Tours, or Paris where the girls worked in such numbers. In her office hangs an engraved parchment signed by one of our general officers giving the most flattering credit to the W. A. A. C.'s for their work with the American S. O. S. at Tours.

Among the peace-time activities, they have started a camp on the Thames for W. A. A. C.'s in need of rest and recreation. It is near Windsor Castle, and when we visited them one afternoon we could see the battlements and towers of that great building over the tree-tops.

There is a most extraordinary spirit of democracy among these women, as well as those of other organizations, who are drawn—as I have said—from every class. It is one of the new elements in English life, particularly significant in a country where class distinction has always played so vital a part.

In their relation to each other they are, indeed, comrades, and differences of station, education, and occupation are utterly ignored.

Most of them have folded their uniforms away for their children and grandchildren to wonder over in the years to come. Those uniforms are not a part of the panoply of war and destruction, but the livery of unselfish service, and with them their children will inherit a new spirit—one of service to the common cause—which is, after all, the great hope of the future.

In next week's installment Mrs. Harriman will discuss the problem, "What are the English women going to do next?"

Women War Workers Now "Busy As Bees" Building Up the Far Distant Colonies

MRS. HARRIMAN cites the following letter from a V. A. D. who took a grant of land in British East Africa as a reward for her war service:

"Mairiga Mainaga, Fort Hall District.
"Kenya Colony, May 4, 1921.

"I have been meaning to write before this, but it is difficult to snatch time to do so here. We lead a very busy life, as you can imagine. It is just a year and a half since my two sisters and I left England in the Garth Castle, with the many other settlers to take up our land in British East Africa. My sisters and I feel quite established here now; we have two large bandas built and many grass huts. My elder sister put up the last big banda quite by herself with the help of the natives—it is a fine piece of work.

"The women and girls have loose draperies and very little of them, many bead necklaces, bangles, and anklets; some of them are very pretty and most graceful, but lazy and fat to a degree.

"Several other settlers are arriving to take up their land about here now, and we can see their little bandas and huts in the distance; they are all as busy as bees—we are so glad that we have not got to rough it now as we did at first.

"Wages are being reduced here now, I am glad to say, but whether we shall be left without laborers in consequence I do not know—we fear and tremble as we have so much on hand; but wages are much too high, and the laborers do nothing with their money, and give very little work in return for it."

VETERAN REPORTER TELLS OF HISTORIC GALLOWS AT D. C. JAIL, WHICH MAY SOON BE ABOLISHED FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

Plans to Abolish Old Oak Scaffold Recalls Incident at Grim Prison on the Eastern Branch That Thrilled Readers of Past Generations—First Execution Took Place on April 1, 1864, When Jail Stood on Site of Present Pension Office, at Fourth and G Streets Northwest.

By Capt. J. W. Mitchell.
(The oldest active newspaperman in Washington.)

IT is proposed to "junk" the District scaffold.

I am informed petitions are being circulated urging Congress to abolish hanging here—not the death penalty, for it is proposed to substitute for the rope and gibbet the more modern death chair or gas that will result in instant and painless death.

A bill already is pending to substitute electricity for the noose in the District. If the petitioners, headed by a determined group of women, succeed, the grizzly old oak scaffold at the Washington jail will be demolished.

The venerable engine of death is historical. It has stood grimly in its present position in the northeast corridor of the District jail about forty years.

NOOSE DECAPITATED MAN HANGED IN 1880.

One of its first victims was Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. Since that event thirty-eight murderers and assailants have been dropped into eternity from the old oaken platform.

As a reporter it was my duty to attend seventeen of the hangings, including that of Guiteau.

There is no record of the harrowing spectacle of the rope breaking at the District jail. But a more grewsome picture was presented April 2, 1880, when James W. M. Stone, a heavily built colored man who had murdered his wife, had been decapitated. The hangman had given Stone "too much rope" for his weight.

The first hanging on record at the jail was that of Jeremiah Hendricks, charged with murder, April 1, 1864. This execution was in the old jail on the site of the Pension Office, Fifth and G streets.

The latest execution was that of William Henry Campbell, murderer, March 11, 1921.

Wild revelry in the offices of the jail marked the night before the execution of Guiteau, the slayer of President Garfield. James Croggon, a venerable reporter of the old days, had established the custom of spending the night before all hangings at the prison.

His reason for so doing was to describe "the prisoner's last night on earth," the menu of the last breakfast, and other data for early copy. In those days the Washington newspapers "played up" the story of hangings as front-page features, giving column after column of details.

In some cases, notably those of Guiteau, Schneider, and Stone, the papers rushed out extra editions.

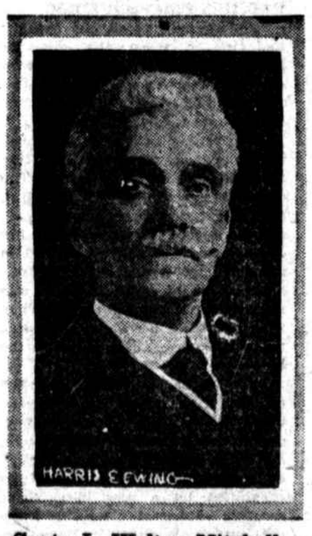
NIGHT OF WILD REVELING BEFORE GUITEAU DIED.

So, therefore, on the night before Guiteau paid the penalty for his crime, many newspaper men, representing local and out-of-town publications, through courtesy of Gen. John S. Crocker, warden, were permitted to stay over night at the jail. After General Crocker had departed for his home, leaving the jail in charge of Deputy Warden Russ, the newspaper men sought divertisement from the gloom that pervades the big brown structure on the Eastern branch.

Decks of cards were produced and poker games proceeded in the offices and corridors of the jail. That being long before the Volstead era, a liberal supply of joy water and cigars were brought into the games. Soon the effect of the beverages became apparent and sounds of revelry resounded through the building.

In one corridor a group of correspondents sang loudly and discordantly the ancient song, "We'll Hang Jeff Davis to a Sour Apple Tree." Another bunch of writers in a front office made the welkin ring with popular songs of the day. Still other groups of correspondents, reporters, and men about-town gathered in small congregations, relating funny stories.

I had been assigned to cover the hanging and "the night before" for



Capt. J. Walter Mitchell.

The Evening Critic, published in Ninth street between E and F streets northwest, a few doors north of the notorious "Buzzard's Roost." The night experiences at the prison formed the most interesting feature of my story.

It was said, although I did not witness this occurrence, that one tipsy gent mounted to the platform of the scaffold during the night and was proceeding to deliver a speech when he was hauled down by a jail guard.

MANY OF THE WATCHERS HAD BEEN FOR BREAKFAST.

Bright and early the next morning an old colored man who had been furnishing meals for Guiteau, did a rushing business supplying the revellers with breakfast and beer from a nearby brewery.

An unwritten feature of the execution was related to me by the late Dr. Tilden, of the Army Medical Museum, who represented the Government at the hanging. It occurred a half hour before Guiteau was escorted to the scaffold.

The jail was surrounded by a detail of United States regular soldiers. When the troops were marched into the building and halted in the big central corridor, the tramp of feet and the crash of their rifles as they came to "order arms" on the stone flooring, caused vibrant echoes to penetrate the cells and corridors.

Guiteau, who had been exceedingly nervous since he arose from his iron cot, crumpled into a chair at the sound and was in a state of near collapse when Dr. MacWilliams, the jail physician, and Or. Tolden were hastily summoned.

Warden Crocker, anxious to carry out the death penalty as smoothly as possible, also was present.

"Gentlemen," he said to the doctors, "this man must be restored at once to prevent a scene on the scaffold."

Dr. Tilden asked the jail physician if he had any liquor in the jail apothecary shop.

BIG DRINK OF BRANDY GIVEN TO DOOMED MAN.

"I have some brandy," Dr. MacWilliams replied, and proceeding to the medicine room, returned with a quart bottle of brandy. A goblet full of the liquid was administered to the assassin a few minutes before General Crocker read the death warrant.

The effect on Guiteau, who had been a lifetime abstainer, can be imagined. The dose restored his nervous equilibrium but gave him a decided jag. General Crocker had several days before given Guiteau permission to make a last statement on the scaffold, but when the march of death began the assassin was so thoroughly inebriated he forgot his lines and while two stalwart guards supported him on either side on the way to the scaffold, he muttered almost incoherently, a lot of jargon.

"Oh I'm so glad I'm going to my Lordy. Where is my Lordy? I'm coming my Lordy. O-o-o-h, I'm so glad I'm going to my Lordy."

Of course, under such conditions, he was given the drop almost immediately after he had reached the trap, where several guards had to support him. I was standing by the side of General Crocker when he gave the final signal. Reaching into the rear pocket of his PrinceAlbert coat, he drew forth a handerchief and carelessly passed it over his lips. That was the signal that ended the career of the religious fanatic who shot down the Christian President, James A. Garfield.

JAIL MAY BE MADE INTO TEMPORARY PRISON.

There is an interesting report current connected with the future of the District jail, which is now under the control of a general superintendent, who also has charge of the workhouse and reformatory at Lorton, Va., and the Washington Asylum Hospital, soon to be razed to make room for the million-dollar Gallinger Municipal Hospital.

According to the report the jail is to be made a sort of clearing house for the courts, separated from the other institutions, and placed in charge of a warden who will have absolute control. It is said this plan is favored by District Commissioner Cuno Rudolph.

Under the proposed plan prisoners will be held for the grand jury and for temporary incarceration only. No person will be sentenced to serve time in the jail.

According to my experience and observation since the jail was constructed, soldier wardens have been highly successful. Gen. John S. Crocker, commander of the famous Iron Brigade of the civil war, was the first soldier-warden. He served from 1871 to 1890.

The present deputy superintendent in charge, Capt. William L. Peak, who fills the position virtually of warden, without the compensation and emoluments, is a veteran of two wars, and is still holding the rank of captain in the United States officers' reserve corps. He made an excellent record in the war with Spain and the world war.

His command in the late big disturbance at the jail was one of the best disciplined on record. Like General Crocker and other veterans, he understands the psychology of handling men and enforcing discipline and obedience.

CAPTAIN PEAK KNOWS DETAILS OF HIS JOB.

Managing penal institutions is not new to Captain Peak. He has been engaged in prison work eleven years, including nine years at the Leavenworth penitentiary and more than two years at the District Jail.

Since his advent at the local prison he has instituted numerous reforms. The gloomy and darkened dungeon in the basement of the jail has been abolished. The institution has been beautified inside and out. Flower gardens bloom in front of the building; the guard shift has been changed from sixteen to eight hours, and conditions generally made more tolerable for culprits who obey the rules and maintain discipline. But there is no laxity such as marked former administrations of the jail.

Captain Peak was born in Kentucky, March 7, 1877, and with his family resides near the jail. He is a member of several patriotic and other organizations and stands high in this community. It is believed he will be made warden in immediate charge of the jail as a clearing house of crime.

Wild Revelry Marked Night Before Charles Guiteau, Assassin of President Garfield, Was Executed—Newspaper Men and Correspondents Made Merry With Liquors and Card Games—The Slayer, a Lifetime Abstainer, Was Given Drink of Brandy and Was Inebriated When Led to Scaffold.